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My Boy.

How beautiful he lies,
With pouting rose-bud lips
And half closed eyes,
While through their jetty fringe
You catch a gleam
Blue as the skies.

Above his silken head
One dimpled hand
Is bravely thrown,
The other on his breast
Is doubled, as to meet
The world alone.

The darling little one,
To my fond heart
Thou art so dear,
A music strain on earth,
A flower of beauteous birth,
My path to cheer.

But what's to come to thee?
And what wilt thou bring me,
Pleasure or pain?
Baby, the way is long.—
Darling, the waves are strong,
And wild the main.

Temptations must be thine,
Stern wrestlings with thy kind,
Boy, thou must meet.
God shield thee in that hour
From every evil power—
Heaven guard thy feet.

Father above, to Thee,
To Thee, I bend the knee;
Thy aid implore;
My boy to Thee I bring,
Take him beneath Thy wing,
I ask no more.

After Going to Market.

If there is power in cursing, the speculators will soon come to grief. No housekeeper goes to market without imprecations loud or deep upon their heads. It is the only relief. We are all powerless together in the hands of the men who control the money of the country and so are able to hold all kinds of supplies in bulk till they get their own price. Articles for general housekeeping now average some eight or ten per cent. higher than a year ago, when gold ranged from 255 to 270. A short crop, as in the case of fruit, accounts for the high price of some articles, but not of flour, coal and the most general and essential staples. The high prices of these articles comes from sheer extortion. Under the name of speculation it passes as a respectable practice, but it is in fact absolute robbery. It differs only in the manner of it from the business of the highwayman who presents his pistol and demands your money or your life. The one uses brute force, the other the power of capital. The one breaks the law and exposes himself to the punishment of a felon; the other robs under cover of law and goes unwhipt of justice. The commercial robber is infinitely more to be dreaded, for he sits quietly in his counting-room and takes money out of the pockets of hundreds of thousands, and brings hunger and misery and crime upon many households, with no exposure of person or character, while the highwayman can rob but one at a time, and does that at the risk of life. If the race of inspired prophets had come down to our times, what a theme for scathing denunciation would they find in the legalized robbery which impoverishes and disheartens whole communities of hard-working people, and yet takes the chief places in all the synagogues without rebuke. Might not our religious teachers find it salutary to turn aside for a time from lamentations over the heathen, who worship the best gods they know, and and scatter a little wholesome damnation among the servants of Mammon, who in Christian sanctuaries offer robber for burnt offering? If we had the knack of it, and were duly authorized, there is no mission we could undertake with so hearty a relish.

The railroad companies, infected by the spirit of the prevalent mania for exorbitant gains, have also gone into the grab games and put up their freights so that the expense of transportation is in many things the chief element of cost. The crop of corn is immense this year, and it it sells in Iowa for 30 cents per bushel; here it is from $1,20 to $1.50. Cannot the railroads bring it at less than a dollar per bushel? St Louis papers say that business in flour is almost entirely suspended by the extravagant rates of freight prevailing, and these exhorbitant freights add largely to the prices which consumers here are now paying. The common carriers share the plunder with the speculators. At Chicago, grain has been hoarded and stored in such quantities that it is heating and rotting in the warehouses, yet the speculators refuse to release their grasp and sell for even the present prices.

It half of the precious grain rots on their hands they know that they can compel the people to pay them as much for what is left as the whole is worth. As to the coal plunderers enough has been said, and without avail. There is no honest reason to be given why coal should be more than two-thirds as high as it now is. According to the gold rate, articles of general consumption should now rule at least forty per cent lower than a year ago, extraordinary cases excepted. They are, in fact, nearly ten per cent higher. The difference is just so much plunder by the speculators, and on how vast a scale it is can only be measured by the consumption of the nation. Fortunes are every day taken by the cormorants out of the earnings of a hard worked and hard taxed people. If lynch law were a remedy, a great many law-abiding men would forego their scruples and go in for the reign of vigilance committees. There is nothing to be done but to scold and bear it. But the people know that they are robbed, and they should let Congress know, most emphatically, that they expect of them the most prompt and effective measures for bringing the currency back to a sound basis and so reducing the power of the commercial robbers now praying upon a helpless community.—*Springfield Republican.*

☞ Look at the date following your name on this paper.

A Gettysburg Hero.

John Burns is a stoutish, slightly bent, hale old man, with a slight blue eye, a long, agressive nose, a firm-set mouth, expressive of determination of character, and a choleric temperament. His hair, originally dark brown, is considerably bleached with age; and his beard, once sandy, covers his face (shaved once or twice a week) with a fine crop of silver stubble. A short, massy kind of man: about five feet four or five inches in hight., I should judge. He was never measured but once in his life. That was when he enlisted in the war of 1812. He was then 19 years old, and stood five feet in his shoes. "But I've growed a heap since," said the hero.

He introduced me to his wife, a slow, somewhat melancholy old lady, in ill-health. "She has been poorly now for a good many years." They have no children.

At my request, he told me his story. He is of Scotch parentage; and who knows but he may be akin to the plowman poet, whose "arrowy songs still sing in our morning air?" He was born and bred in Burlington, N. J. A shoemaker by trade, he became a soldier by choice, and fought the British in what used to be the "last war." I am afraid he contracted bad habits in the army. For some years after the war, he led a wandering and dissipated life. Forty years ago, he chanced to find himself in Gettysburg, where he married and settled down. But his unfortunate habits still adhere to him, and he was long looked upon as a man of little worth. At last, however, when there seemed to be no hope of his ever being anything but a despied old man, he took a sudden resolution to reform. The fact that he kept that resolution, and still keeps it so stictly that it is impossible to prevail upon him to taste a drop of intoxicating liquor, attests a truly heroic will. He was afterwards a constable in Gettysburg, in which capacity he served some six years.

On the morning of the first day's fight, he sent his wife away, telling her that he would take care of the house. The firing was near by, over Seminary Ridge. Soon a wounded soldier came into the town and stopped at an old house on the opposite corner. Burns saw the poor fellow lay down his musket, and the inspiration to go into the battle seems then first to have seized him. He went over and demanded the gun.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked the soldier.

"I'm going to shoot some of the damned rebels!" replied John.

He is not a swearing man, and the strong adjective is to be taken in a strictly literal, not a profane, sense.

Having obtained the gun, he pushed out on the Chambersburg Pike, and was soon in the thick of the skirmish.

"I wore a high-crowned hat, and a long tailed blue; and I was seventy years old."

The sight of so old a man, in such costume, rushing fearlessly forward to get a shot in the very front of the battle, of course attracted attention. He fought with the 7th Wisconsin regiment, the colonel of which ordered him back, and questioned him, and finally, seeing the old man's patriotic determination, gave him a good rifle in place of the musket he had brought with him.

"Are you a good shot?"

"Tolerable good," said John, who is an old fox hunter.

"Do you see that rebel riding yonder?"

"I do."

"Can you fetch him?"

"I can try."

The old man took deliberate aim and fired. He does not say he killed the rebel, but simply that his shot was cheered by the Wisconsin boys, and that afterwards the horse the rebel rode was seen galloping with an empty saddle. "That's all I know about it."

He fought until our forces were driven back in the afternoon. He had already received two slight wounds, and a third one through the arm, to which he paid little attention: "only the blood running down my hand bothered me a heap."—Then, as he was slowly falling back with the rest, he received a final shot through the leg. "Down I went, and the whole rebel army ran over me." Helpless, nearly bleeding to death from his wounds, he lay upon the field all night. "About sun-up, next morning, I crawled to a neighbor's house, and found it full of wounded rebels." The neighbor afterwards took him to his own house, which had also been turned into a rebel hospital. A rebel surgeon dressed his wounds; and he says he received decent treatment at the hands of the enemy, until a copperhead woman, living opposite, "told on him."

"That's the old man who said he was going out to shoot some of the damned rebels!"

Some officers came and questioned him, endeavoring to convict him of "bushwhacking;" but the old man gave them little satisfaction. This was on Friday, the third day of the battle; and he was alone with his wife in the upper part of the house. The rebels left and soon after two shots were fired. One bullet entered the window, passed over Burn's head, and struck the wall behind the lounge on which he was lying. The other shot fell lower, passing through a door. Burns is certain that the design is to assassinate him. That the shots were fired by the rebels there can be no doubt; and as they were fired from their own side, towards the town, of which they held possession at the time, John's theory was plainly the true one. The hole in the window, and the bullet-marks in the door and wall remain.

Burns went with me over the ground where the first day's fight took place. He showed me the scene of his hot day's work,—pointed out two trees, behind which he and one of the Wisconsin boys stood and "picked off every rebel that showed his head," and the spot where he fell and lay all night under the stars and dew.

This act of daring on the part of so aged a citizen, and his subsequent sufferings from wounds, naturally called out a great deal of sympathy, and caused him to be looked upon as a hero. But a hero, like a prophet, has not all honor in his own country. There's a wide-spread, violent prejudice against Burns among that class of towns-people, termed "copperheads." The young men, especially, who did not take their guns and go into the fight as the old man did, but who ran, when running was possible, in the opposite direction, dislike Burns. Some aver that he did not have a gun in his hand that day, and that he was wounded by accident, happening to get between the two lines. Others admit the fact of his carrying a gun into the fight, but tell you, with a sardonic smile, that his "motives were questionable." Some, who are eager enough to make money on his picture, sold against his will, and without profit to him, will tell you in confidence, after you have purchased it, that "Burns is a perfect humbug."

After studying the old man's character, conversing both with his friends and enemies, and sifting evidence, during four days spent in Gettysburg, I formed my conclusions. Of his going into the fight and fighting, there is no doubt whatever. Of his bravery, amounting even to rashness, there can be no reasonable question. He is a patriot of the most zealous sort; a hot, impulsive man who meant what he said, when he started with the gun to go and shoot some of the rebels qualified with the strong adjective. A thoroughly honest man, too, I think; although some of his remarks are to be taken with considerable allowance. His temper causes him to form immoderate opinions and to make strong statements. "He always goes beyant," said my landlord, a firm friend of his, speaking of this tendency to overstep the bounds of calm judgment.

Burns is a sagacious observer of men and things, and makes occasionally such shrewd remarks as this:—

"Whenever you see the marks of shells and bullets on a house all covered up, and painted and plastered over, that's the house of a rebel sympathizer; but when you see them all preserved and kept in sight as something to be proud of, that's the house of a Union man."

Well, whatever is said or thought of the old hero, he is what he is, and has satisfaction in that, and not in other people's opinions; for so it must finally be with all. Character is the one thing valuable. Reputation, which is a mere shadow of the man, what his character is reputed to be, in the long run, of infinitely less importance. I am happy to add that the old man has been awarded a pension.—*J. T. Trowbridge in November Atlantic.*

Pay No War Damages.

There is very little reason to fear a repudiation party, for the suggestion will not be tolerated in the North, and even in the South, the interests of all the men of property and business will be involved in the maintenance of the national credit after restoration is completed. But there is danger of a grand raid upon the treasury in the shape of claims for property taken and destroyed during the war. There will be claims from Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee, for seizure and destruction of property to the amount of many millions of dollars by both Union and rebel troops. And from the rebel states there will be a great number of claims from protessed loyalists for damages done by our armies. If there is any disposition manifested to consider these claims favorably they will soon be piled up to an amount that will be nearly or quite as formidable as our present debt. Congress must set its face as a flint against them all, recognizing such only as are based upon obligations already given. War necessarily involves individual losses and sacrifices, and it is impossible for the government to equalize them or make compensation for them. It might as well undertake to repay the damage done by lightning and tornadoes, or any natural calamity. It was the misfortune of the Pennsylvanians that they lived where Lee could get at them, not to say their fault that they sat tamely down and awaited his coming, with little or no preparation for resistance. They must accept their losses as providential, and not ask the nation to make them good. And if loyal men in the South suffered, as doubtless many did, because they unfortunately lived among rebels, it was their misfortune; they have the sympathy of loyal men everywhere, but they have no just claim upon the national treasury for their losses. If the government should once begin to pay such claims, half the rebels in the South would be ready to prove that they went into rebellion only on compulsion, and are good enough Union men to have a dip into the treasury.—*Springfield Republican.*

DON'T BUY COTTON GOODS NOW.—People have been economizing, for a long time in the purchase and use of cotton fabrics, on account of the scarcity and high price, but it is expedient to pinch along a few weeks or months more. These fabrics must fall in price ere long, and this will be hastened by a general abstinence from purchasing. The truth is, that with the present abundance and current price of cotton in the bale, manufacturers can make good profits, and yet furnish cotton goods for little more than half the prices they now receive. They are able to keep up prices because the demand is in excess of the immediate supply. A few heavy dealers are aiding the speculation. Let people generally buy as little as possible, and it cannot be long before prices will of necesity fall.

San Francisco.

If but the early San Franciscans had thought of Boston, and followed the cow paths, what a unique, nice town they would have made of this! Only I fear there never was an estray cow on these virgin sand hills, as innocent of verdure as a babe, of sorrow or vice. The modern American straight line style was the order, no matter what was in front: and the result is that going about San Francisco is all collar and breeching work for man and beast. The conseduence is there are only two or three streets that you can think of driving out of town on. The only way to get up and down the others with a horse, is to go zig-zag from one side to the other. Some of the principal residence streets are after this fashion, however; I found our friend, Rev. Horatio Stebbins, of the Unitarian church here, holding on by main strength to a side hill that runs up at an angle of at least forty-five degrees. And so they run up and down, and the city is straggling loosely over these hills for several miles in all directions. Some of the highest of the knobs are being cut down, and this leaves the early houses—that is those built four or five years ago—away up one hundred feet or more in the air, and reached by long flights of steep stairs.

Wherever the hill sides and tops are fastened with houses or pavements, or twice daily reduced with water, there the foundations are measureably secure; and the deed of the purchaser means something; but all elsewhere, all the open lots and unpaved paths are still undergoing the changing and cereative process. The daily winds swoop up the soil in one place and deposit in another in great masses, like drifts of snow. You will often find a suburban street blocked up with fresh sand, and the owner of vacant lots must certainly pay them daily visit in order to swear to title; and the chance is anyway that, between one noon and another, he and his neighbor will have changed properties to an indefinite depth.

Incidental to all this, of course, are clouds of sand and dust through all the residences and open parts of the city, making large market for soap and clothes brushes, and putting neat housekeepers quite in despair for their furniture. Naturally enough there is a looseness on the subject of cleanliness, that would shock your old-fa-hioned New England housewives.

But then, as compensations, the winds give health—keeping the town fresh and clean—and the hills offer wide visions of bay and river and islands and sister hills—way out and on with varying life of shipping and manufactures and agriculture, and hanging over all a sky of azure with broad horizons. Oceanward is Lone Mountain cemetery, covering one of the hills with its scrammy, running live oak shrub tree, and its white monuments, conspicuous among which are the erections to those martyrs to both western and eastern civilization and progress—Broderick the mechanic and senator, James King of William, the editor, and Baker, the soldier. Here is the old Mission quarter, there the soldiers' camp, yonder by the water the bristling fort, again the conspicous and generous orphan asylum, monument of the tenderness and devotion of the women of the city, and to the left of that still, the two Jewish cemeteries, each with its appropriate and tasteful burial chapel. No other American city holds in its very centre such sweeping views of itself and its neighborhood.

Then the little yards around the dwellings of the prosperous, even of those of moderate means, are made rich with all the verdure of a green-house, with only the cost of daily watering. The most delicate of evergreens: roses of every grade and hue; fuschias vigorous and high as lilac bushes; nasturtiums sweeping over fences and up house walls; flowering vines of delicate quality, unknown in the east; geraniums and salvias, pansies and daisies, and all the kindred summer flowers of New York and New England, grow and blossom under these skies, throughout the year—the same in December and January as in June and August—with a richness and profusion, that are rarely attained by any out door culture in the east. The public aqueducts furnish water, though at considerable expense, and pipes convey it and spread it in fine spray all over yard and garden. The result is, every man's door yard in the city, is like an eastern conservatory: and even humble cottages smile out of this city of sand hills and dust, as green as yellow and as grand as purple, as gayest of garden can make them.

There is no aristocracy of flowers here; they greet you everywhere in greatest profusion, are tender solace to homesick heart and a tonic to weary brain.—*Mr. Bowles' Letter to the Springfield Republican.*

☞ The war, thank God, has ceased, and peace once more prevails in our land. The questions which the war brought up have passed out of view.—*H. Seymour at Buffalo.*

You are mistaken, governor. There is one "question" which has not "passed out of view." That question is, what punishment is deserved by men like you, who pronounced secession a justifiable remedy for the oppression of the South; who declared the war a failure and endeavored by every possible means to make it so; who put yourselves in attitudes of hostility to the government throughout the war; who are responsible for a prolongation of the strife, and immense sacrifices demanded by it. This "question" will not have "passed out of view" until you have "passed" into oblivion with it.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

The rate of postage on drop letters where free delivery does not exist is one cent, always to be prepaid by stamps.

The One Spot.

One single spot on the fair face of the best letter paper will cause its rejection when the manufacturer assorts it for sale.

In obtaining recruits for the army, a single blemish in the eye, a little defect in the hearing, the loss of a finger or a toe, the slightest limp or halt in the gait, is the one fatal spot which causes rejection, however perfect the health in all other respects.

A faultless specimen of manly vigor offers himself for examination, for the purpose of obtaining an insurance on his life, but at the very first trial of the pulse under the surgeon's finger, the certificate is peremptorily denied, because there is a fatal heart disease lurking under that fair exterior.

Here is a man who for a lifetime has had uniform good health; never dreamed but that he was perfectly well, but noticed for the first time, an hour before, a little white pimple about the mouth, surrounded with several red ones, giving a dull hurting, causing, however, not the slightest apprehension; but meeting the family physician accidentally on the street, he inquires very carelessly, "What is it?" On a close inspection, the experienced practitioner detects the existence of a "malignant tubercle," which he knows will rapidly spread with a discoloration, and end in death within twenty-four hours! as in the case of Miss M. A. B——, last week; of Mr. Henfield, six months ago; and of Mr. Casey, awhile before that, all of Brooklyn.

These are spots physical and fatal all! There are moral spots just as fatal to character, health and life itself. I knew a young wife, first at Rockaway, who could boast of family, fortune, education, health and great personal beauty; fascinating in her conversation, faultless in her intercourse with society, and of a benevolence so hearty and so free, that it was impossible for her neighbors not to love her with their whole hearts. But there was one spot, only one; that not known, even to her husband; she would take opium, and died of its over-use at twenty-three.

I have been delighted by the hour in listening to the recitations and reading the manuscript poetry of Mrs. L——, of Kentucky. Neither beautiful nor ugly, but the spoiled and educated child of a rich father. She had a genius and a power which won all hearts, purely. One morning I learned she was dying, although in perfect health the day before. At intervals of a year, the demon of a drunken debauch! came over her. It killed her husband, one of nature's noblemen. The one spot!

I knew a wife, living yet, I think, a model of personal purity, of domestic industry, system, order and thoroughness.—A slave to the care for her family of healthful, beautiful children, there was no sacrifice, no self denial which she was not ever ready to make or practice for their comfort. Her husband, as the world goes, was all that could be desired as to industry, system, temperance, regularity and order. It ought to have been a supremely happy family. It was wretched. The one spot was her insufferable ill-nature. It would be untrue to say she seldom came to the table without some expression of dissatisfaction. In twenty-six successive weeks, during which I daily sat at the same table, she never failed once to emit some venom either against the children, the servants, the food, or the weather, or something else. The whole house was kept in a turmoil, no single day ever passed without it! Her only son was driven to an engine house, did not sleep at home "once in two years;" thence to the gutter; her daughters married for a home, and she went to an asylum in her old age.

There are many young men with whom you cannot help being pleased, frank, courteous, magnanimous, and kind; they always meet you with a smile and a welcome, and you know it is cordial and sincere. On inquiry, they "drink." The one spot! It blasts all things else.

That daughter is beautiful, amiable and courteous; in all she says or does, there is nothing to hang an adverse circumstance upon. The moment she passes from her father's door, dressed in faultless taste, go to her room, and every article it contains has impressed upon it the one spot of incorrigible sloven.

Let the reader this moment inquire, what spot have I? and begin on the instant to wash it out at any and every sacrifice, for they only who are admitted to the mansions of the blessed are those "not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing."—*Hall's Journal.*

PURE DEMOCRACY. — The Cleveland Democrat, of Oct. 11, 1864, speaking of President Lincoln, said he had "filled the land with fear and mourning; caused a million of brave men to be sacrificed for nothing and won the contempt of every honest man. Let thsse who can support him do so. Let them fling their flag to the breeze, ☞ with the skull and cross bones painted in red or black, and shout in drunken glee for their pet, ☞ the great widow maker of the nineteenth century."

There's democracy for you, "pure and simple."

THE DEMOCRATIC DREAM BROKEN.—The democrats begin to suspect they have made a mistake in pretending to be the exclusive champions of President Johnson's reconstruction policy. The New York News, which has been eloquent in praise of the President for several weeks, is quite taken aback by his demands that the reorganizing states shall adopt the amendment to the United States constitution and repudiate the rebel state debts.

A New York woman had fifteen teeth pulled out the other day because they were irregular. It was too much for her nerves and she died soon after.

The Magazines.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The Atlantic Monthly for November is decidedly interesting. Among the contents is the beginning of a new serial "The Forge." An able article on Telegraphs, by W. B. Prescott, an account of the field of Gettysburg, by J. T. Trowbridge, "Pall-hammer Castle," by R. D. Owen, and an article on Alexander Hamilton, by C. C. Hazewell. The next number will give the opening chapters of a new novel entitled "Jealousy," written by Charles Reade, and to be continued through the year.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—The November number of Harper closes its thirty-first volume. Among the prominent features of the volume are the novels by the two foremost writers of fiction of the time—Dickens and Wilkie Collins. "Our Mutual friend" by the former, and "Armadale" by the latter, have culminated in interest, and the remaining chapters of both will be read with attention. The illustrated narratives in Harper by J. Ross Browne are decidedly fresh and interesting, and will be continued the coming year. The December number will commence the new volume for 1866, and now is the time to renew subscriptions. Terms, one copy, $4.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The November number contains plates of Robe Dresses, from the celebrated establishment of Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., New York, the Regency Sack, the Metternich Sack, the Cordeliere Cloak, etc.; thirteen engravings of bonnets and collars; embroidery patterns; and any amount of work for winter evenings, in the shape of knittings, crotchet patterns, bead patterns, &c. &c., make up a tempting variety for the ladies. Marion Harland contributes an article, "A Christmas Table with Mothers," quite spirited and interesting. Her assertions that it is a right of babies to have mothers, as also that "Babies have a right to be babies," are well enforced and deserving the attention of mothers. Price $3.

The Fate of Jeff. Davis.

In the political progress of the last dozen years we have observed this general fact, that the body of the people and the more advanced leaders were in substantial accord, and gradually drew over to them the Government and the main body of public men. We are now witnessing a remarkable exception to this rule. Our advanced public men on the Union side—those sometimes designated "the radical leaders"—are nearly all, we have reason to believe, in favor of letting Jeff. Davis go free, or, at least, are firmly opposed to his punishment, even in case he undergoes a trial for treason. The reasons for this feeling probably differ somewhat with different individuals, but our purpose now is merely to draw attention to the fact.

On the other hand, we have not the least doubt that the vast majority of the loyal masses of New-England are in favor of not only trying Jeff. Davis for the crime of treason as soon as that can be conveniently done, but if he is convicted, as they anticipate, they are for hanging him as sternly, if not as promptly, as Mrs. Surratt and her guilty accomplices were hung. The people would regard such a culmination as the natural ending of that bloody conspiracy which Davis consented to head and which he protracted after every rational hope of success had fled; and they are at a loss to comprehend the sentiment of leniency in his favor which has sprung up among a portion of our leading men.

Such is this curious problem of a discrepancy between those who have been in substantial accord hitherto, which must have impressed itself upon many observers of New-England opinion. How will it be reconciled? Which feeling will ultimately prevail with the country and the Government? These questions are invsted with a new interest by the recent rumors respecting the alleged difficulties of securing a trial of the arch-rebel, and the possibility that the whole matter may be disposed of by his expectation. For our own part, we share the feeling of the people, so far, at least, as to desire that Jeff. Davis be brought to solemn trial for the crime of treason, which, President Johnson has said ought to be "punished and made odious."

If that is not done, what is the use of having any clause against treason in the Constitution of the United States? for, assuredly, in all the years and centuries that may be before us as a nation, there never can arise a clearer and a guiltier case of treason than that now presented in the career of Jeff. Davis. Every element of the traitor is combined in his person. Shall we, then—we, the people of the United States—who have put down with awful sacrifices the gigantic rebellion which Davis led, now shrink from administering justice to *him*, thus waiving one of our vital securities and sowing encouragement for future traitors? To our mind, the case seems too clear for argument. If Davis is to be pardoned at all, let it, at least, be as a tried and convicted traitor, bearing the brand of righteous judgment upon him. Nothing less than that, we apprehend, will satisfy the people of this country.—*Boston Journal.*

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES.—Hon. E. A. Rollins, the commissioner of internal revenue, has decided that the return of a marriage performed by a clergyman or magistrate to the city registrar or town clerk does not require a stamp. Parties previously have been in the habit of attaching the revenue stamp to the return.

It being a serious question whether the present price of poultry will warrant two thanksgivings, the President is requested by a Connecticut contemporary to change the day fixed by his proclamation to Nov. 30, that which the New England governors had already assigned.

The price charged for the carriage of a barrel of flour, by railroad, from Carrol county, Ill., to Meredith Bridge, N. H., last week, was $5. The price of the barrel and flour at the starting point was $2.55.

The New York Commercial says: "Born to differ, it is not to be expected that Wendell Phillips will ever occupy a platform on any public question broad enough to hold a second person."